REMARKS

ON AN

ODE

ON THE

DEATH

Of His ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK,

PRINCE of WALES.

The ODE

By WILLIAM DUNKIN, D. D.

REMARKS.

By P. H. M. D.

Hanc veniam petimusque, damusque vicissim. HOR.

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REMAKRS, &c.

WHOEVER writes and exhibits his Productions in Print, ſubmits himſelf to the PUBLIC, to be adjudged deſerving of *Praiſe* or *Cenſure*; which ought to make People very cautious ere they become Adventurers.

Young Authors in whom the leaſt ſpark of *Genius* is diſcoverable invite the CRITIC'S *Fan* to excite it into the wiſhed for Blaze; but the old and recreant who preſuming on a Kind of preſcriptive and traditional Reputation, impoſe on the Town with any paltry Stuff they pleaſe to tack their ſanctifying Name to, allure not the *Fan*, but provoke the CRITIC'S angry *Bellows*, to rekindle, if poſſible, their dying Embers, if not, to blow them into abſolute Extinction, that they may never more offend.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The ODE before us is of this Sort; It is *untimely*, and *faulty*.

1ſt. *Untimely*, His Royal Highneſs FREDERIC Prince of WALES died *March* the 20th. 1751, our Poſt-mourning Author laments his Death in *April* 1752; though this pious Duty had been *decently* and *ſeaſonably* done by Mr. PULLEIN in his *Eclogue* entitled VALESUS.

We ſhould now rather celebrate the Virtues of the young Prince, than make our ſcarce cicatrized Wounds to bleed anew.

Perhaps the *Faculty* of *Phyſic* may enter a plea of Defence for this Gentleman, as was formerly done for a Princeſs delivered of a Child, an unprecedented, nay, an unconſcionable Number of Months after the deceaſe of her Huſband; but ſhe fee'd high, and the Doctors charitably vindicated her Innocence, by aſſerting, "that "truly the retarding Energy of Grief is inexplicable, "for it congeals and manacles the animal Spirits, impedes

"impedes the Circulation of the Blood, embarraſſes the "vital Functions, hence demonſtrably cloggs, and pro-"craſtinates Nature in the Pregnancy of her Operations, "and——— and." ———and thereby the Princeſs's Character was cleared.

Perhaps it has been ſo with this Gentleman, that he is but juſt revived from thirteen Months frozen Lethargy of grief, and that this Parricide Ode is the firſt Deſtillation of his new thaw'd Brain.

2dly. *Faulty* it will appear to be by all the Rules of good Writing, and Inſtances from the beſt Poets.

I here premiſe a few Points of Orthodox critical Doctrine to try the impeached by.

1. The difference between the *firſt Rate* and *middling Authors* conſiſts in that the *former* never uſe any expletive, vague, undetermined Words, or ſupplemental Epithets, but hit on that only Expreſſion, than which none juſter can be found to convey their Meaning: The *latter* can ſubſtitute many and all equally indifferent.

2. POETICAL LICENCE can ſtretch no farther than the Limits of SEEMING TRUTH, when it does, it is Madneſs———to make this clear, TRUTH in the *Poetical* World is divided into *real*, and *ſeeming*, *Truth*, *real* for Inſtance; The Dogs purſue their Game, the Huntſmen follow——*Truth ſeeming* is when in the rapid Thunder of the Chaſe to the Sportſmen's Eyes "Earth rolls back beneath the flying Steed." POPE. Becauſe it *ſeems*, ſo to do, the expreſſion is allow'd.

But to advance Things that neither *are* nor *ſeem* to be is not *Poetical Licence*, but Nonſenſe and Abſurdity; of which no example can be found in the *foremoſt Poets*, who in Proportion to the Elevation of their *Genius* were men of extenſive Learning, exquiſite Taſte, nervous Senſe, and correct Judgment, ſuch late was POPE.

It is the WILL WITH A WISPS of PARNASSUS that have thrown a Diſhonour on *Poetical Licence*.

3. We can take advantage of the *Phænomena* of Nature to compliment the *Birth*, or the *Deceaſe* of the illuſtrious.

Hence

Hence the Portents of JULIUS CÆSAR'S Maſſacre are celebrated by *Horace* and *Virgil* as intereſted therein; by the former particularly in the 2d. Ode of the firſt Book; by the latter in his 5th. Eclogue: and at the end of the firſt Book of his Georgics. That our Author had a ſtealing Eye to that Ode and Eclogue will appear in the Remarks———In a like manner *Waller* makes a fine and truly Poetical Uſe of the ſtorm attendant on CROMWELL'S Death.

" We muſt reſign; Heaven his great Soul does claim
" In ſtorms as loud, as his immortal Fame;
" His dying groans, his laſt breath ſhakes our Iſle,
. . . . . .
" Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
" And ſighing ſwell'd the Sea with ſuch a breath,
" That to remoteſt ſhores her Billows roll'd,
" Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told."

But to Sing of a ſtorm that had not been, being contradictory to TRUTH, *real* or *ſeeming*, is quite unpardonable. It is acting as ridiculous a Part as that of the Conjurer in the *Wives Metamorphos'd*.

Since JANUS--like the *Ode* under Examination, hath two Faces, a *Latin* and an *Engliſh* one, for the ſake of the Generality of Readers I ſhall animadvert on the Features of the latter, and mark in *Italicks* the moſt material of the leſſer Deviations from Symmetry, which indeed are many.

4. When any illuſtrious Family has been prais'd by a ſucceſſion of great Authors, It ought to be a Rule, not to meddle therein, Unleſs the Panegyric of thoſe who went before can be improv'd on, inferior attempts betray a Poetical Impotence. Among the variety of thoſe who have celebrated the *Mæcenas* Line of the DORSETS, let Quotations from two ſuffice for our preſent Purpoſe.

" To *Poets* ſacred is a DORSET'S Name
" Their wonted Paſs-Port thro' the Gates of Fame."
YOUNG.

" Where other *Buckhurſts*, other *Dorſets ſhine*,
" And *Patriots* ſtill and *Poets* deck the Line." POPE.

an

AN

ODE, &c.

To the Right Honourable the

Lord GEORGE SACKVILLE.

I.

O TRUE Deſcendant of an ancient Line,
A Line devoted to the Delphic Charms,
With *Double Ornament* ordain'd to ſhine,
To court the Muſes in the *Midſt* 1 of Arms.
And make the Gifts of either PALLAS thine!

REMARKS.

1. I Appeal to his Lordſhip if it be not the worſt Place in the Word to *Court* them; a Warrior may relax himſelf by reading the Poets in Intervals from the Alarms of his Station: and when as happy and off-hand a Genius as Lord *Buckhurſt* was, write one of the prettieſt Songs extant on the very Eve of a Sea Fight; *Songs* are the eaſy offſpring of a happy Impulſe, not the labour'd Child of Application.

Who *Courts* any Thing is totally bent thereon. HORACE in his Allotment of human Affections ſeparates the Lovers of *Mars* from thoſe who *Court* the Muſes, as incompatible at the ſame Time, though there are Inſtances of Men being either alternately. Such was ALCÆUS. *

Multos Caſtra juvant, et Lituo Tubæ
Permiſtus ſonitus, Bellaque Matribus

* Qui ferox Bello tamen *inter* arma, &c.
Vid. HOR. lib. 1. Ode. 32.

Not medüs *in* Armis, ——— moſt commentators have miſtaken the Senſe here.

Deteſtata———

Deteſtata——— ——— ———
Me doctarum Ederæ Præmia Frontium
Diis miſcent ſuperis, me gelidum Nemus, &c.

II.

While with a *Sage* and *ſteady* 1 *ruling* Hand
Thy Sire *advances* to the *civil* Helm,
And re-aſſumes his long-reſign'd Command,
To 2 *dignify Hibernia*'s loyal Realm,
And give glad Days and Bleſſings to the Land:

1. We here learn his Excellency's Hand is not paralytic. *Advances* and *civil* are ſublime Words.-2-Here recurs the common Fault of never Praiſing the preſent great Man, without throwing a kind of Slur on his Predeceſſors. If we believe our Author, we have been fifteen Years *undignified*, *ungladden'd* and *unbleſt*. Will not the Earl of C———have Reaſon to be ſomewhat Jealous at this? Is this a grateful Return for his generous Benefactions? But I incline to think this rather a Fault of the Author's Head, than of his Heart,

III.

Wrapt in the penſive, ſolitary Gloom,
1 *Attend* O SACKVILLE! to the tuneful Maids,
Lamenting DAPHNIS, in his manly Bloom, 2
Their Genius raviſh'd to the dreary Shades,
And ſtrowing Flow'rets on his *Clay*-cold 3 Tomb.

1. This *Apoſtrophè* is, almoſt as Poſthumous to the Cauſe of it, as was the Provincial Deputation to a *Roman* Emperor to condole with him on a like Occaſion, who in rebuke for their having delayed their Compliment ſo long, humorouſly condol'd with them for the loſs of their Countryman *Hector*.

2. A poor Imitation of

Extinctum Nymphæ crudeli Funere Daphnim
Flebant. ——— ——— ——— VIRG.

Where

Where the very Arrangement and Cadence of the Words inſpire Grief.

3. *Clay-cold* Grave is us'd, but *Stone-cold Tomb* wou'd be properer here, and full as elegant. Princes are depoſited in their Tombs, not buried in Graves.

IV.

The *Sire of Gods*, 1 ſerenely thron'd on high,
Though often brav'd to vent his treaſur'd Rage,
Yet late in Vengeance, bids his Angels fly,
To blaſt the Vices of an impious Age,
And hurl his flaming Terrors through the Sky.

1. That Chriſtians, Clergymen, and Teachers cannot praiſe a virtuous Prince without introducing the Trumpery of Pagan Gods is unpardonable, inaſmuch as it has been ſo juſtly inveighed againſt by ROLLIN: and is beſides ſo affrontful to Senſe and Religion.

V.

1 From Pole to Pole the forky Lightning plays,
And Murmurs deep rebellow to the *Brand*: 2
The Tow'rs of Pride, that roſe with mimic Rays,
Low ſink, 3 nor has the *red Almighty* Hand
From its own Fanes with-held the pointed Blaze. 4

1. This Storm is of the Poet's Creation; the neceſſity of it is not obvious to me. 2 *Brand* is an abominable Word, 3 all this is *Chimera*, 4 here is miſerably ſquinted at HORACE's.

——— ——— ——— rubente
Dexterâ ſacras jaculatus Arces.

VI.

The Cloud-invading Pine, the Monarch-Oak,
Are humbled into Duſt 1; in *pregnant Ears*, 2
The Peaſant's Hopes are blighted into Smoke;
And Man and Beaſt with agonizing Fears,
And conſcious Horror, Shudder at the Stroke.

1. This

1. This is very wonderful; what Pity, it is not true. 2 His Royal Highneſs died on the 20th of *March*; are *Ears* of Corn then pregnant?

VII.

Thus o'er *Britannia*'s gleeful Viſage *bright*
The baneful Cloud of unrelenting Fate
Diſaſtrous hung! The meek-reflected Light
Of Majeſty benign, and regal State,
Is loſt, and ſet in everlaſting Night. 1

1. The latter half of this Stanza is leſs than a Compliment to the *now* Prince of *Wales*, of whom theſe Kingdoms emulouſly conceive ſuch ſanguine Hopes. Here is an Excluſion-Bill brought in againſt his "*re-*" "*flecting*" the "*Light.*"

Of Majeſty benign, and regal State
For that Faculty———
Is loſt, and ſet in everlaſting Night.

VIII.

Fixt in our Hearts unalienable, ſhone
A Prince, who, glowing for the public Cauſe,
Might trace his Father's Virtues through his own,
Suſtain the Sanctities of equal Laws,
And fill the Glories of his Grandſire's Throne.

This is one of the farthing a Dozen Stanzas.

IX.

Fond as our Hopes and Expectations riſe,
Our heaving Boſoms with Devotion pant;
We lift the ſuppliant Hands, the fervent Eyes,
For thee, O Prince! our *matin Vows* we chant,
And importune, alas! *too late* the Skies.

Of the ſame value as the former.

X.

Mean while the full angelic Band with Strings
Divine, attemper'd to the vocal Breath,
Gave loud Acclaim, and clapp'd their *choral* Wings:

You

You ſprang, *you* ſnatch'd *with* over-haſty Death
A Crown of Glory from the King of Kings.

As good as the two foregoing.

XI.

The Crown, the Scepter of imperial Might
And Tiar, ſet with ever-pricking Cares,
Now fade in dim Objection to thy Light:
The Clouds retreat, approach the radiant Spheres,
And Heav'n's wide Palace opens to thy Sight. 1.

1. How much better VIRGIL, on a ſimilar Occaſion!
Candidus inſuetum miratur Limen Olympi,
Sub pedibuſque videt Nubes, et ſydera DAPHNIS.
Is there not ſomething like diſguis'd Theft here, tho' obſcur'd in the Expreſſion?

XII.

The Ruler, Father, Guardian, Guide below
Of happy Nations, and the princely Fair,
With dumb Amazement felt the double Blow;
The faithful Conſort in the riſing Heir
For ever loſt, unutterable Woe! 1

1 O——h——

XIII.

The *veſtal* 1 Siſters to the Shade retire,
And bathe their Beauties with a Tide of Tears:
The Royal Boys in mutual ſighs conſpire,
And Babes, inconſcious of their orphan Years,
With liſping Piety demand their Sire. 2

1. Is this *Epithet* proper? 2 Here is a Nurſery Scene ſublimed by a Concert of Sighs, and Babies aſking where's Papa in liſping Accents.

XIV.

Then WILLIAM's Ardour, ſince the Fates depreſt
His *gracious* Mother to the gloomy Grave,
Was firſt abated: then the *Chief diſtreſt* 1

Was taught to *ſhake* 2 : then deeply felt the Brave
A ſecond Wound *beneath* a Brother's Breaſt. 3.

1. Is it the *moſt diſtreſt*, or that the *chief* was *diſtreſt* ? It is liable to either Senſe. 2 This Image is ſomewhat *Anguiſh.* 3 A Wound *beneath a Brother's Breaſt* is in a *Brother's Belly:* thereby our Author hints that the *Brother's Heart* was not touch'd.

XV.

Belov'd, rever'd, untimely pluckt away,
Thee, *pious Kings* 1. O FREDERIC, *condol'd:*
The lawleſs Luſt of arbitrary Sway,
The Rage of Tyrants paus'd 2, a while controul'd,
And paid ſad Honours to thy ſacred *Clay.*

1. The Critics heſitate about the Propriety of this Expreſſion, and ſay they ought to be particulariz'd; ſome imagine the Kings of *France* and *Pruſſia* are here meant, which others warmly oppoſe. 2 Wou'd not one think that Devaſtation raged through *Europe* at the Princes' Death, yet nothing leſs than a general Peace prevail'd; but this licentious Poet brews Storms, and makes War as he liſts.

XVI.

But through the Cities free, the *peopled Pow'rs*
Of mighty GEORGE, their *other Pillar* rent,
What Sorrows burſted into briny Show'rs!
What plaintive Cries of rueful *Diſcontent*
And Lamentations pierc'd their lofty Tow'rs!

Reader, catch the Meaning if you can.

XVII.

So when a Veſſel, fraught with *ſpicy* 1 Store,
Is wreck'd, though Tempeſts into Silence *fell.*
The *fretted* 2 Billows, rolling to the Shore,
Yet reſtleſs foaming into Fury ſwell,
And hoarſe the Coaſt remurmurs to the Roar.

1. *Spicy*

1. *Spicy* might be ſupplied by *wealthy*, and twenty other Words of equal ſignificancy. 2 *fretted* is too mild a Word on the Occaſion.

XVIII.

The Merchant, lately big with coming Gain,
A golden Tide to gild his future Days,
From neighb'ring Rocks, in Bitterneſs of Pain,
Aghaſt, deſponding, *haply* 1 now ſurveys
The diſmal Ruins *of* the ruthleſs Main.

1. *Haply*, ſadly might do better, and either is bad enough.

XIX.

Wing-footed Merit in the *narrow* Race
Of Glory fell, before it reach'd the Goal:
Hence virgin modeſty, whoſe bluſhing Grace
Betrays true Worth, and Fortitude of Soul,
And Faith, fair Faith 1 *beſeek* the Shades *a pace.*

1 *Beſeek* is not a *wing-footed* Word---and why the *Shades?*

XX.

But round thy ſolemn Tomb in black Array.
The Graces, *decent* 1 with *diſorder'd* Hair,
Shall often---often ſhall the Muſes pay
The growing Debt of Gratitude ſincere,
And weeping wake the ſweet-lamenting Lay.

1 *Decent*, and *diſordered* are a pretty *Antitheſis*, What follows is of the gentleſt Pathos, "*weeping wake*, "and *ſweet lament.*"

XXI.

For while thy Brother, with heroic Zeal,
In Battle thunder'd on *perfidious* 1 Lands,
Inſpir'd by civil and religious Weal,
Oppos'd the Torrent of rebellious Bands,
And broke their Fury with *tempeſtuous Hail.* 2

1. The

1. The Scenes of the Brother's heroic Deeds abroad, were in Lands that I do not apprehend to deſerve this Epithet; and it wou'd be too ſevere that the Faults of a few ſhould beget this Infamy, for the brave and ingenious Natives of a Siſter-Realm. 2. *Tempeſtuous Hail*, I fancy wou'd not have ſuffic'd, to reduce the miſled Highlanders inur'd to Storms by their natural Situation. "*To* "*break the Fury of a Torrent with Hail.*" I confeſs is figuratively new. For in the vulgar Senſe of Things *tempeſtuous Hail* rather increaſes than *breaks* the *Fury* of a *Torrent*.

XXII.

As *waving Locks*, that ſhed ambroſial Dew,
APOLLO, fluſh'd with roſy Youth *unſhorn*,
From teeming Quiver baleful Arrows drew,
And wing'd with Fate, in hiſſing *Eddy* borne,
Diſcharg'd his Vengeance on the recreant Crew. 1.

1. All this may be very fine, but I really do not underſtand it. This is ſheer packing of Words, and ſmothering the Meaning, if any, in the midſt of them.

XXIII.

The Sons of Earth, whoſe Phrenſy would invade
The bliſsfull Manſions with gigantic Wars, 1
Dethrone his Father, and elate eſſay'd
With impious Hands to graſp the *lucid Stars*, 2
He *ſmote*, *retorting* to the *Stygian* Shade.

1 This Compariſon of the *Giants* aſſaulting Heaven is ſo trite, that it is ſcarce bearable from a School-boy. 2 I have often heard of every Man his Bird; but till now, never read of every *Giant* his *Star*.

XXIV.

Thoſe Arts, deſcended from thy *native* 1 Skies,
Thy Bounty cheriſh'd with pacific Wings:
Thy god-like Spirit could propoſe the Prize.
The tempting Prize, unlock the myſtic Springs,
And bid the drooping Sons of Genius riſe.

1. *Native*

1. *Native* might be as well ſupplied by genial, kindred, and many more.

XXV.

Hence *Great Britannia* 1 ſhould extend her Name
O'er the vaſt Continent and ſurgy Tide,
Beyond the Limits of *Athenian* Claim:
Nor ſhould old *Rome* with arrogating Pride
Boaſt higher Triumphs, or a fairer Fame.

1. *Great Britannia*-- is it *quatenus* BRITAIN only; or in conſequence of the *Union?* If the latter our Author's *perfidious Lands* muſt come in for their ſhare.

XXVI.

Hence raptur'd Poets, in ſublimer Strains,
With martial Heat ſhould animate the Baſe;
In Queſt of Valour, through the tented Plains.
Should *recognize* 1 the Trophies of thy Race;
And patriot Blood, *effus'd* from willing Veins.

1. Should *recognize*, or forfeit their *Recognizance*.----

XXVII.

Hence Heroes, bury'd in the Womb of Night,
Their Shades undignify'd, ſhould *full* return
With manly Graces into *liquid* Light,
And, kindled into Rage, the Canvas burn
With active Terrors, and tumultuous Fight.

XXVIII.

Then rigid Rocks, ennobled with Deſign,
Sould ſoften, wounded into living Forms,
Or menacing with Arms horrific ſhine;
And ſilent Chiefs, revolving hoſtile Storms,
Should breathe, and ſpeak thro' each exalted Line.

Theſe two *Stanzas* are the only tolerable, and that wear a Face of *Poetry*, but in Virtue of ſtolen Imagery.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Britannia's Voice, in univerſal Quire,
Should waft her Triumphs to the diſtant Sky----
But whither *devious* would my Thoughts aſpire? 1.
In vain the languid Muſe attempts to fly, 2.
In vain to ſtrike the ſilver-ſounding Lyre. 3.

1. I can't tell. 2 It is more than *ſeeming*, it is *real* TRUTH. 3 Let it alone, who demands it of you?

XXX.

The *melting* Strings, officious to thy Duſt,
Return no Notes, but Notes of deepeſt Dole:
The *Colours*, lately to the *Graces* juſt,
Now die, diveſted of the *Sun*, their *Soul*,
And plaſtic Art but moulds the mournful Buſt.

That I may breathe a while, I leave the Reader to make his own Remarks on this Stanza.

XXXI.

Invention ſickens at the Work ſhe frames: 1
O early loſt! O long to be deplor'd
By thouſands!---*Yet* immortalize your Names,
Ye Sons of PALLAS; *yet* with Bliſs be ſtor'd,
And feed your Boſoms with etherial Flames. 2

1. *Virgil's* Diſcription of *Dædalus* might have aſſiſted here.

Tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto ſineret dolor, *Icare* haberes.
Bis conatus erat caſus effingere in Auro,
Bis patriæ cecidere manus ———

What Reader of Taſte but ſees the Fathers Hands drop with the falling Line? 2 The Earl of C--, as this Author can teſtify, thought other food more eſſential for Poets.

XXXII.

See from the Stem, that periſh'd with your Vows,
With *orient Buds* 1 a copious Iſſue riſe,
To prop your Laws, your Liberties eſpouſe,
To teem with *golden party-colour'd* Fruit,
And ſhelter Nations with extended Boughs.

1. *Orient*

1. *Orient Buds*, orient being derived from *oriri* to riſe, ſignifies *riſing*, which joined to *Buds*, muſt in all Readers who underſtand *Iriſh* cauſe a Smile.

XXXIII.

The Grandſire lives, now future Fame obtains,
And eyes the *diſtant* in the *preſent* Day:
The Royal Dame, to patronize the Swains,
PASTORA blooms, by learning to obey,
Well taught to guide the ſoft paternal Reins.

This is obſcure.

XXXIV.

Now WILLIAM points his Thunderbolts of War;
Now, keen to chaſe the perjur'd *Gaul*, arrays
His fiery Troops 1; yet from his laurel'd Car
Smiles on the Muſes, propagates their Bays,
And ſoars our ALMA's tutelary Star. 2.

1. What a bloody minded Poet this is, right or wrong he will embroil us in War. Why reverend Sir, we are in Peace,---has the Dæmon of War poſſeſſed you? 2. His Royal Highneſs has too important Affairs on his Hands, and that afford him no idle Time to Trifle away with the ſlip-Shod Muſes: the Defence of theſe Nations, and the ſupporting of his Father's Crown are his ſole Study.

Inaſmuch as our Author has never been in *England*, He is to be forgiven many Miſrepreſentations of Things on Account of the wrong Light they have been reflected to Him in, by his POETICAL MIRROR; which he is ſhortly to publiſh by Subſcription on, very modeſt Terms. It is to be dedicated to the EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

The SPECIMEN in his Propoſals (a vulgar and contemptible Practice) having firſt thrown out a ſtring of hackney'd Compliments at his Lordſhip, contains a curious and ſingular Invitation to him: to wit, to quit the good Cheer of London, go a mumping with our Author

thor, and have the Pleaſure to hear the Muſes complain of *Hunger*, and *Thirſt*; nay pay Them friendly Viſits to their Garrets: our qualified Author is to ſhew him the Way———leſt any one ſhou'd think I exaggerate, take the Gentleman's own Words.

Thou with Elegance
And *Attick* Wit adorn'd, deſpiſe the Wealth
Of proud *Auguſta*, fly the coſtly Feaſts
Of pamper'd Nobles, and indulgent hear
The plaintive Muſes, hear their *letter'd* THIRST,
Their tuneful HUNGER, and with *Me* aſcend
The myſtick Chambers of their HIGH RETREATS.

Racking Thirſt, and *growling Hunger* woul'd be more natural; the Epithet *Docta* woud be better ſupplied by *Dira*, and *Canora* by *querula* or *clamoſa*.

The only inſtances of *tuneful Hunger* I ever met were in ſome poor Villages where crouds of ragged Children implore Charity, part of them by Singing, and part of them by performing the Catherine Wheel, and other Gambols: this indeed might be call'd *tuneful* and *tumbling Hunger*, and be thus tranſlated into Latin, ESURIES *canora* et *verſatilis*,

I ſhall enter into no particular Criticiſm on the *Latin* of the *Ode* or *Specimen*, but aſſert it in general to be very poor, and in many places unſyntactical; nor do I advance this from an Incompetency of Judging thereof, having in my claſſic Days been guilty of ſome Attempts in that Language, and with the Approbation of thoſe whom it was no diſhonour to pleaſe; but have long ſince for many Reaſons declined the like, and in *Lieu* of mine refer my Reader to *Fitz-Oſborn*'s in his Letter on that Subject.

4 AP 54

There is a miſtake in the Propoſals, which are dated *March* 9th 1752, yet mention the Earl of *Cheſterfield* as the preſent Lord Lieutenant. Perhaps the Author's grateful Sentiments, by *Poetical Licence*, wou'd have it ſo. *Love* is an Excuſe for many Errors.

FINIS.